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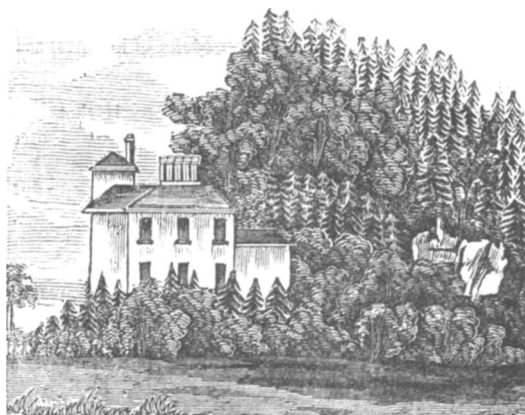
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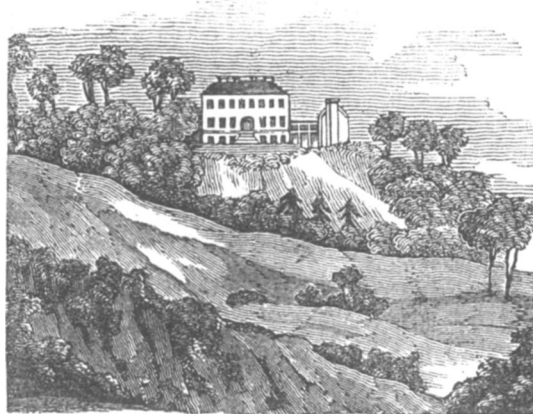
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MANCHE HOUSE, COUNTY OF CORK.



Manche House, the residence of Daniel Connor, Esq. is situated in a demesne of great beauty, on the high road from Bandon to Bantry. Immediately behind the house rises an almost perpendicular hill covered with oak and larch; this hill extends more than half a mile in a parallel direction with the road, and the grounds beneath are perfectly level, and beautifully kept. The most scrupulous attention to comfort and neatness is perceptible in every part of Manche. The house is from a design of G. R. Pain, Esq. of Cork, and was erected in 1824, by Mr. D. Connor. Manche is eleven miles west of Bandon, and three east of Dunmanway.



FORT ROBERT, COUNTY OF CORK.

The above sketch represents Fort Robert, the residence of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, late M. P. for the County of Cork. The house is a very spacious mansion, situated on the summit of a hill of considerable elevation; and the grounds possess a romantic variety and abruptness of surface much admired by the lovers of the picturesque. The avenue is a mile in length, and winds through an extent of natural wood and thriving plantations. Some of the former seem to us to have been copped about eight or ten years since, but is growing with great vigour and luxuriance. Fort Robert is situated ten miles to the west of Bandon on the Bantry road.

A MONKEY AND HIS TORMENTOR.

From the Oriental Annual for 1836.

In the jungles about Tillicherry, there is a large species of monkey, frequently tamed by the natives, and at a village a short distance from this celebrated sea-port, we had an evidence of the remarkable sagacity of this animal. A few yards from the house of the person to whom it belonged, a thick pole, at least thirty feet high, had been fixed into the earth, round which was an iron ring, and to this was attached a strong chain of considerable length, fastened to a band round the monkey's body. The ring being loose, it slid along the pole when he as-

cended or descended. He was in the habit of taking his station upon the top of the bamboo, where he perched as if to enjoy the beauties of the prospect around him. The crows, which in India are very abundant and singularly audacious, taking advantage of his elevated position, had been in the habit of robbing him of his food, which was placed every morning and evening at the foot of the pole. To this he had vainly expressed his dislike by chattering, and other indications of his displeasure equally ineffectual; but they continued their periodical depredations. Finding that he was perfectly unheeded, he adopted a plan of retribution as effectual as it was ingenious. One morning, when his tormentors had been particularly troublesome, he appeared as if seriously indisposed: he closed his eyes, drooped his head, and exhibited various other symptoms of severe suffering. No sooner were his ordinary rations placed at the foot of the bamboo, than the crows, watching their opportunity, descended in great numbers, and, according to their usual practice, began to demolish his provisions. The monkey now began to slide down the pole by slow degrees, as if the effort were painful to him, and as if so overcome by indisposition that his remaining strength was scarcely equal to such exertion. When he reached the ground, he rolled about for some time, seeming in great agony, until he found himself close by the vessel employed to contain his food, which the crows had by this time well nigh devoured. There was still, however, some remaining, which a solitary bird, emboldened by the apparent indisposition of the monkey, advanced to seize. The wily creature was at this time lying in a state of apparent insensibility at the foot of the pole, and close by the pan. The moment the crow stretched out its head, and ere it could secure a mouthful of the interdicted food, the watchful avenger seized the depredator by the neck, with the rapidity of thought, and secured it from doing further mischief. He now began to chatter and grin with every expression of gratified triumph, while the crows flew around, cawing in boisterous chime, as if deprecating the chastisement about to be inflicted upon their captive companion. The monkey continued for a while to chatter and grin in triumphant mockery of their distress: he then deliberately placed the captive crow between his knees, and began to pluck it with the most humourous gravity. When he had completely stripped it, except the large feathers in the pinions and tail, he flung it into the air as high as his strength would permit, and, after flapping its wings for a few seconds, it fell on the ground with a stunning shock. The other crows, which had been fortunate enough to escape a similar castigation, now surrounded it, and immediately pecked it to death. The animal had no sooner seen this simple retribution dealt to the purloiner of his repast, than he ascended the bamboo to enjoy a quiet repose. The next time his food was brought, not a single crow approached it.

CONDY CULLEN AND THE GAUGER.

By the Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

Young Condy Cullen was descended from a long line of private distillers, and of course, exhibited in his own person all the practical wit, sagacity, cunning, and fertility of invention, which the natural genius of the family, sharpened by long experience, had created from generation to generation, as a standing capital to be handed down from father to son. There was scarcely a trick, evasion, plot, scheme, or manœuvre that had ever been resorted to by his ancestors, that Condy had not at his finger ends; and though but a lad of sixteen at the time we present him to the reader, yet be it observed, that he had had his mind even at that age, admirably trained, by four or five years of keen vigorous practice, in all the resources necessary to meet the subtle vigilance, and stealthy circumvention of that prowling animal—a Gauger. In fact, Condy's talents did not merely consist of an acquaintance with the hereditary tricks of his family. These, of themselves, would prove but a miserable defence, against the ever-varying ingenuity, with which the progressive skill of the still-hunter masks his approaches, and conducts his designs. On the contrary, every new plan of the Gauger must be met and defeated, by a counter-plan equally novel, but

with this difference in the character of both, that whereas the Exciseman's devices are the result of mature deliberation—Paddy's, from the very nature of the circumstances, must be necessarily extemporaneous and rapid. The hostility between the parties, being, as it is, carried on through such varied stratagem on both sides, and characterised by such adroit and able duplicity, by so many quick and unexpected turns of incident—it would be utter fatuity in either, to rely upon obsolete tricks, and stale manoeuvres. Their relative position and occupation, do not therefore merely exhibit a contest between Law and that mountain nymph, Liberty, or between the Excise Board and the Smuggler—it presents a more interesting point for observation, namely, the struggle between mind and mind—between wit and wit—between roguery and knavery.

It might be very amusing to detail from time to time, a few of those keen encounters of practical cunning, which take place between the poteen distiller, and his lynx-eyed foe, the gauger. They are curious as throwing light upon the national character of our people, and as evidences of the surprising readiness of wit, fertility of invention, and irresistible humour, which they mix up with almost every actual concern of life, no matter how difficult or critical it may be. Nay, it mostly happens that the character of the peasant in all its fullness, rises in proportion to what he is called upon to encounter, and that the laugh at, or the hoax upon the gauger, keeps pace with the difficulty that is overcome. But now to our short story.

Two men in the garb of gentlemen, were riding along a remote by-road, one morning in the month of October, about the year 1827, or 28, I am not certain which. The air was remarkably clear, keen, and bracing; a hoar frost, for the few preceding nights had set in, and then lay upon the fields about them, melting gradually, however, as the sun got strength, with the exception of the sides of such hills and valleys as his beams could not reach, until evening chilled their influence too much to absorb the feathery whiteness which covered them. Our equestrians had nearly reached a turn in the way, which we should observe in this place, skirted the brow of a small declivity that lay on the right. In point of fact, it was a moderately inclined plane or slope rather than a declivity; but be this as it may, the flat at its foot was studded over with furze bushes, which grew so close and level, that a person might almost imagine it possible to walk upon their surface. On coming within about two hundred and fifty yards of this angle, the horsemen noticed a lad, not more than sixteen, jogging on towards them, with a keg upon his back. The eye of one of them was immediately lit with that vivacious sparkling of habitual sagacity, which marks the practiced gauger among ten thousand. For a single moment he drew up his horse, an action which, however slight in itself, intimated more plainly than he could have wished, the obvious interest which had just been excited in him. Short as was the pause, it betrayed him, for no sooner had the lad noticed it, than he crossed the ditch and disappeared round the angle we have mentioned, and upon the side of the declivity. To gallop to the spot, dismount, cross the ditch also, and pursue him, was only the work of a few minutes.

"We have him," said the gauger, "we have him—one thing is clear, that he cannot escape us."

"Speak for yourself, Stinton," replied his companion—as for me, not being an officer of his Majesty's Excise, I decline taking any part in the pursuit—it is a fair battle, so fight it out between you—I am with you now only through curiosity."—He had scarcely concluded, when they heard a voice singing the following lines, in a spirit of that hearty hilarity, which betokens a cheerful contempt of care, and an utter absence of all apprehension:

Oh! Jemmy, she sez, you are my true lover,
You are all the riches that I do adore;
I solemnly swear now, I'll ne'er have another,
My heart it is fixed to never love more.

The music then changed to a joyous whistle, and immediately they were confronted by a lad, dressed in an old red coat, patched with grey frize, who, on seeing

them, exhibited in his features a most ingenious air of natural surprise. He immediately ceased to whistle, and with every mark of respect, putting his hand to his hat, said in a voice, the tones of which spoke of kindness and deference,

"God save ye, gintlemin."

"I say my lad," said the gauger, "where is that customer with the keg on his back?—he crossed over there this moment."

"When, where, Sir?" said the lad, with a stare of surprise.

"Where? when? why this minute, and in this place."

"And was it a whiskey keg, Sir?"

"Sir, I am not here to be examined by you," replied Stinton, "confound me if the conniving young rascal is not sticking me into a cross-examination already—I say, red-coat, where is the boy with the keg?"

"As for a boy, I did see a boy, Sir; but the never a keg he had—hadn't he a grey frize coat, Sir?"

"He had."

"And wasn't it a daunty bit short about the skirts, please your honour?"

"Again he's at me—Sirra, unless you tell me where he is in half a second, I shall lay my whip to your shoulders!"

"The sorra a keg I seen, then, Sir—the last keg I seen was—"

"Did you see a boy without the keg, answering to the description I gave you?"

"You gave no description of it, Sir—but even if you did—when I didn't see it, how could I tell your honour any thing about it?"

"Where is the fellow, you villain," exclaimed the gauger, in a fury—"where is he gone to? You admit you saw him; as for the keg, it cannot be far from us—but where is he?"

"Dad I saw a boy wid a short frize coat upon him, crassing the road there below, and runnin' down the other side of that ditch."

This was too palpable a lie to stand the test even of a glance at the ditch in question; which was nothing more than a slight mound that ran down a long lea field, on which there was not even the appearance of a shrub.

The gauger looked at his companion—then turning to the boy—"Come, come, my lad," said he, "you know that lie is rather cool. Don't you feel in your soul that a rat could not have gone in that direction, without our seeing it?"

"Bedad and I saw him," returned the lad, "wid a grey coat upon him, that was a little too short in the tail—it's better than half an hour agone."

"The boy I speak of, you must have met," said Stinton; "it's not five minutes—no, not more than three, since he came inside the field?"

"That my feet may grow to the ground then if I seen a boy, in or about this place, widin that time, barin' myself."

The gauger eyed him closely for a short space, and pulling out half-a-crown, said—"harkee, my lad, a word with you in private."

The fact is, that during the latter part of this dialogue, the worthy exciseman observed the cautious distance at which the boy kept himself from the grasp of him and his companion. A suspicion consequently began to dawn upon him, that in defiance of appearances, the lad himself might be the actual smuggler. On reconsidering the matter, this suspicion almost amounted to certainty; the time was too short to permit even the most ingenious cheat to render himself and his keg invisible in a manner so utterly unaccountable. On the other hand, when he reflected on the open artless character of the boy's song; the capricious change to a light-hearted whistle, the surprise so naturally, and the respect so deferentially expressed, joined to the dissimilarity of dress, he was confounded again, and scarcely knew on which side to determine. Even the lad's reluctance to approach him might proceed from fear of the whip. He felt resolved however, to ascertain this point, and with the view of getting the lad into his hands, he showed him half-a-crown, and addressed him as already stated.

The lad, on seeing the money, appeared to be instantly caught by it, and approached him, as if it had been a

bait he could not resist; a circumstance which again staggered the gauger. In a moment however he seized him.

"Come now," said he, unbuttoning his coat, "you will oblige me by stripping?"

"And why so?" said the lad, with a face which might have furnished a painter or sculptor with a perfect notion of curiosity, perplexity, and wonder.

"Why so?" replied Stinton—"we shall see—we shall soon see."

"Surely you don't think I've hid the keg about me," said the other, his features now relaxing into such an appearance of utter simplicity, as would have certainly made any other man but a gauger give up the examination as hopeless, and exonerate the boy from any participation whatsoever in the transaction.

"No, no," replied the gauger, "by no means, you young rascal.—See here, Cartwright," he continued, addressing his companion—"the keg, my precious"; again turning to the lad—"Oh! no, no, it would be cruel to suspect you of any thing but the purest of simplicity."

"Look here, Cartwright—there's a coat—there's thrift—there's economy for you—Come Sir, tuck on; tuck on instantly; here, I shall assist you—up with your arms—straighten your neck; it will be both straightened and stretched yet, my cherub. What think you now, Cartwright? Did you ever see a metamorphosis in your life so quick, complete, and unexpected?"

His companion was certainly astonished in no small degree, on seeing the red coat, when turned, become a comfortable grey frize; one precisely such as he who bore the keg had on. Nay, after surveying his person and dress a second time, he instantly recognized him as the same.

The only interest, we should observe, which this gentleman had in the transaction, arose from the mere gratification which a keen observer of character, gifted with a strong relish for humour, might be supposed to feel. The gauger, in sifting the matter, and scenting the trail of the keg, was now in his glory, and certainly when met by so able an opponent as our friend Condry, for it was indeed himself, furnished a very rich treat to his friend.

"Now," he continued, addressing the boy again—"lose not a moment in letting us know where you've hid the keg."

"The sorra bit of it I hid—it fell aff o' me, and I lost it; sure I'm lookin' after it myself, so I am; and he moved over while speaking as if pretending to search for it in a thin hedge, which could by no means conceal it.

"Cartwright," said the gauger, "did you ever see any thing so perfect as this, so ripe a rascal—you don't understand him now. Here you simpleton, harkee Sirra, there must be no playing the Lapwing with me; back here to the same point. We may lay it down as a sure thing that whatever direction he takes from this spot is the wrong one; so back here, you Sir, till we survey the premises about us for your traces.

The boy walked sheepishly back, and appeared to look about him for the keg, with a kind of earnest stupidity, which was altogether inimitable.

"I say, my boy," asked Stinton ironically, "don't you look rather foolish now? can you tell your right hand from your left?"

"I can," replied Condry, holding up his left, "there's my right hand."

"And what do you call the other?" said Cartwright.

"My left, bedad, any how, an' that's true enough."

Both gentlemen laughed heartily.

"But it's carrying the thing a little *too far*," said the gauger: "in the mean time, let us hear how you prove it?"

"Asy enough, Sir," replied Condry, "bekase I am left handed—this," holding up the left, "is the right hand to me, whatever you may say to the contrary."

Condry's countenance expanded after he had spoken, into a grin, so broad and full of grotesque sarcasm, that Stinton and his companion, both found their faces in spite of them, get rather blank under its influences.

"What the deuce," exclaimed the gauger, "are we to be here all day? Come Sir, bring us at once to the keg."

He was here interrupted by a laugh from Cartwright, so vociferous, long and hearty, that he looked at him with amazement—"Hey dey, he exclaimed, what's the matter, what's the matter, what new joke is this?"

For some minutes, however, he could not get a word from the other, whose laughter appeared as if never to end; he walked to and fro in absolute convulsions, bending his body and clapping his hands together, with a vehemence quite unintelligible.

"What is it, man?" said the other, "confound you, what is it?"

"Oh!" replied Cartwright, "I am sick, perfectly feeble."

"You have it to yourself at all events," observed Stinton.

"And shall keep it to myself," said Cartwright, "for if your sagacity is over-reached, you must be contented to sit down under defeat. I won't interfere."

Now in this contest between the gauger and Condry, even so slight a thing as one glance of an eye by the latter, might have given a proper cue to an opponent so sharp as Stinton. Condry during the whole dialogue, consequently preserved the most vague and undefinable visage imaginable, except in the matter of his distinction between right and left; and Stinton, who watched his eye with the shrewdest vigilance, could make nothing of it. Not so was it between him and Cartwright; for during the closing paroxysms of his mirth, Stinton caught his eye fixed upon a certain mark barely visible upon the hoar frost, which mark extended down to the furze bushes that grew at the foot of the slope where they then stood.

As a staunch old hound lays his nose to the trail of a hare or fox, so did the gauger pursue the trace of the keg down the little hill; for the fact was, that Condry, having no other resource, trundled it off towards the furze, into which it settled perfectly to his satisfaction; and with all the quickness of youth and practice, instantly turned his coat, which had been made purposely for such rencounters. This accomplished, he had barely time to advance a few yards round the angle of the hedge, and changing his whole manner as well as his appearance, acquitted himself as the reader has already seen. That he could have carried the keg down to the cover, then conceal it, and return to the spot where they met him, was utterly beyond the reach of human exertion, so that in point of fact they could never have suspected that the whiskey lay in such a place.

The triumph of the gauger was now complete, and a complacent sense of his own sagacity sat visibly on his features. Condry's face, on the other hand, became considerably lengthened, and appeared quite as rueful and mortified, as the other's was joyous and confident.

"Who's sharpest now, my knowing one?" said he, "who is the laugh against, as matters stand between us?"

"The sorra give you good of it," said Condry sulkily.

"What is your name?" inquired Stinton.

"Barney Keerigan's my name," replied the other indignantly; "and I'm not ashamed of it—nor afraid to tell it to you or any man."

"What, of the Keerigans of Kilkloghan?"

"Ay jist of the Keerigans of Kilkloghan."

"I know the family," said Stinton, "they are decent in *their way*—but come, my lad, don't lose your temper, and answer me another question.—Where were you bringing this whiskey?"

"To a betther man than ever stud in your shoes," replied Condry, in a tone of absolute defiance—"to a gentleman any way," with a peculiar emphasis on the word gentleman.

"But what's his name?"

"Mr. Stinton's his name—gauger Stinton."

The shrewd Exciseman stood and fixed his keen eye on Condry, for upwards of a minute, with a glance of such piercing scrutiny as scarcely any consciousness of imposture could withstand.

Condry, on the other hand, stood and eyed him with an open, unshrinking, yet angry glance; never wincing, but appeared by the detection of his keg, to have altogether forgotten the line of cunning policy he had previously adopted, in a mortification which had predominated over duplicity and art.

He is now speaking truth, thought the gauger; he has lost his temper, and is completely off his guard.

"Well my lad," he continued, "that is very good so far, but who sent the keg to Stinton?"

"Do you think," said Condry, with a look of strong

contempt at the gauger, for deeming him so utterly silly as to tell him, "Do you think that you can make me turn informer? There's none of *that* blood in me, thank Goodness."

"Do you know Stinton?"

"How could I know the man I never seen?" replied Condy, still out of temper; "but one thing I don't know gintlemen, and that is, whether you have any right to take my whiskey or not?"

"As to that, my good lad, make your mind easy—I'm Stinton."

"You Sir!" said Condy, with well-feigned surprise.

"Yes," replied the other, "I am the very man you were bringing the keg to,—And now I'll tell you what you must do for me; proceed to my house with as little delay as possible; ask to see my daughter—ask for Miss Stinton—take this key and desire her to have the keg put into the cellar; she'll know the key, and let it also be as a token, that she is to give you your breakfast; say I desired that keg to be placed to the right of the five gallon one I seized on Thursday last."

"Of course," said Condy, who appeared to have misgivings, on the matter, "I suppose I must, but somehow—"

"Why, Sirrah, what do you grumble now for?"

Condy still eyed him with suspicion—"And, Sir," said he, after having once more mounted the keg, "am I to get nothing for sich a weary trudge as I had wid it, but my breakfast?"

"Here," said Stinton, throwing him half-a-crown, "take that along with it, and now be off—or stop—Cartwright will you dine with me to-day, and let us broach the keg? I'll guarantee its excellence, for this is not the first I have got from the same quarter, that's *entre nous*."

"With all my heart," replied Cartwright, "upon the terms you say, that of the broach."

"Then, my lad," said Stinton, "say to my daughter, that a friend, perhaps a friend or two, will dine with me to-day—that is enough."

They then mounted their horses and were proceeding as before, when Cartwright addressed the gauger as follows:—

"Do you not put this lad, Stinton, in a capacity to over-reach you yet?"

"No," replied the other, "the young rascal spoke the truth after the discovery of the keg, for he lost his temper and was no longer cool."

"For my part, hang me if I'd trust him."

"I should scruple to do so myself," replied the gauger, "but as I said, these Keerigans—notorious illicit fellows, by the way—send me a keg or two every year, and almost always about this very time. Besides I read him to the heart, and he never winced. Yes decidedly, the whiskey was for me; of that I have no doubt whatsoever."

"I most positively would not trust him."

"Not that perhaps I ought," said Stinton, "on second thought, to place such confidence in a lad who acted so adroitly in the beginning. Let us call him back, and re-examine him at all events."

Now Condy had, during this conversation, been discussing the very same point with himself.

"Bad cess for ever attend you, Stinton agra," he exclaimed, "for there's surely something *over you*—a lucky shot from behind a hedge, or a break-neck fall down a cliff, or something of that kind; if the ould boy had'n't his croubs hard and fast in you, you wouldn't let me walk away wid the whiskey any how. Bedad it's well I thought o' the Keerigans; for sure enough I did hear Barney say, that he was to send a keg into him this week, some day—and he didn't think I knew him aither—Faix its many a long day since I knew the sharp *puss* of him, wid an eye like a hawk. But what if they folly me, and do up all? Any way I'll prevint them from having suspicion on me, before I go a toe farther, the ugly rips."

He instantly wheeled about, a moment or two before Stinton and Cartwright had done the same, for the purpose of sifting him still more thoroughly—so that they found him meeting them.

"Gentlemen," said he, "how do I know that either of

you is Mr. Stinton; or that the house you directed me to, is his. I know that if the whiskey doesn't go to him, I may lave the country!"

"You are either a deeper rogue, or a more stupid fool than I took you to be," observed Stinton—"but what security can you give us, that you will leave the keg safely at its destination?"

"If I thought you were Mr. Stinton, I'd be very glad to lave you the whiskey, and even do widout my breakfast—Gintlemen tell me the truth, bekase I'd only be murdered out of the face."

"Why you idiot," said the gauger, losing his temper and suspicions both together, "can't you go to the town and enquire where Mr. Stinton lives?"

"Bedad thin thrae enough, I never thought of that at all at all, but I beg your pardon gintlemen, an I hope you won't be angry wid me, in regard that its kilt and quarter'd I'd be if I let myself be made a fool of by any body."

"Do what I desire you," said the Exciseman; "enquire for Mr. Stinton's house, and you may be sure the whiskey will reach him."

"Thank you, Sir, bedad I might have thought of that myself."

This last clause in a soliloquy would have deceived a saint himself.

"Now," said Stinton, after they had recommenced their journey, "are you satisfied?"

"I am at length," said Cartwright, "if his intentions had been dishonest, instead of returning to make himself certain against being deceived, he would have made the best of his way from us—a rogue never, at least seldom, wantonly puts himself in the way of danger or detection."

That evening about five o'clock, Stinton, Cartwright, and two others, arrived at the house of the worthy gauger to partake of his good cheer. A cold frosty evening gave a peculiar zest to the comfort of a warm room, a blazing fire, and a good dinner. No sooner were the viands discussed, the cloth removed, and the glasses ready, than their generous host desired his daughter to assist the servant in broaching the redoubtable keg.

"That keg, my dear," he proceeded, "which the country lad who brought the key of the cellar left here to-day."

"A keg!" repeated the daughter with surprise.

"Yes, Maggy, my love, a keg, I said so, I think?"

"But papa, there came no keg here to-day!"

The gauger and Cartwright both groaned in unison.

"No keg!" said the gauger.

"No keg!" echoed Cartwright.

"No keg, indeed," re-echoed Miss Stinton—"but there came a country boy with the key of the cellar, as a token that he was to get the five gallon—"

"Oh! groaned the gauger—oh! oh! oh! I'm knocked up, outwitted,—oh!"

"Bought and sold," added Cartwright.

"Go on" said the gauger, "I must hear it out?"

"As a token," proceeded Miss Stinton, "that he was to get the five gallon keg for Captain Dalton."

"And he got it?"

"Yes Sir, he got it; for I took the key as a sufficient token."

"But Maggy—oh! hear me, child—surely he brought a keg here and left it; and of course it's in the cellar?"

"No indeed, papa, he brought no keg here; but he did bring the five gallon one that *was* in the cellar away with him."

"Stinton," said Cartwright, "send round the bottle."

"The rascal," ejaculated the Gauger, "we shall drink his health."

And on relating the circumstances, the company drank the sheepish lad's health, that bought and sold the gauger.

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